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Jordi Mas i Manjon

# DREAMING

## *Poetry*



Bubok Publishing, S.L.

# *Dreaming*

*by*  
*Jordi Mas i Manjon*



## *Poetry*



*Fundación J. Mas*



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*Dreaming*  
*by*  
*Jordi Mas i Manjon*

*Perfume of freedom*  
*my Being floods*  
*in the heat of the summer*  
*of a life*  
*reaching the one*  
*limit them*  
*of the existence*  
*unknown.*

*The born stars*  
*from the conscience*

*free of the ties  
imposed by the reason.*

*Dreams and realities,  
realities and dreams,  
which is the truth?*

*do we dream?*

*do we live?*

*Truths and falsehoods,  
poison or nectar,  
born gods  
from the stranger  
imagination,  
distant gods,  
that they inhabit in  
heart of the soul.*



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heart of the soul.*





# *Flower*

*by*

*Jordi Mas i Manjon*

*Spring from the dawn  
of a traveling soul.*

*Abyssal oceans  
of deep feelings  
flower of the summer  
of alive colors*

*illuminating the world.*

*Happiness of the life  
spring from the born flower  
heart beating  
slowly without time.*

*Small and fragile flower,  
existence bud,  
sprouted soul  
of the earth with love.*



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*The Song of the Birds in the  
Morning*

*by  
Jordi Mas i Manjon*

*I wake up with the soft cooing  
of the cheerful song  
of the wild birds  
nesting in the branches  
of the old ones you hoist  
with their thick branches  
welcoming of lives  
of the past and present  
extending*

*toward the uncertain future.*

*Born happiness  
of the hopes,  
songs of free birds  
of chains,  
freedom of the soul,  
it thrills for a something  
unknown.*

*Freedom,  
beyond the time,  
beyond the space,  
beyond that known,  
present, now,  
only existence,  
vital existence,*

*life,  
make happy song  
of the birds.*



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of the birds.*





# *Suffering*

by  
*Jordi Mas i Manjon*

*Distant thoughts  
they come  
and they leave,  
distant illusions,  
they were born  
and they died,  
last lives,  
forgotten oceans*

of time,  
to be born and to die,  
to understand  
what it happened,  
what it happens!

Forgetfulness  
and memories,  
only thoughts,  
a to look  
for without  
ends,  
some forgotten  
encounters.

Remain silent silent,  
without laughs,  
silences without homes,

*hurries to reach  
the you swim.*

*My solitary soul,  
she clamors  
to the heaven,  
a sentence for  
to find the freedom  
of an only  
soul.*



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*Hopes of Future*  
by  
*Jordi Mas i Manjon*

*Flavors of the present  
toward the future,  
Feelings of a now  
toward an infinite,  
steps of an instant  
for an eternity.*

*A social world  
without deceit,*

*without avidity,  
without personal gain.*

*A delivery world,  
a to put an end to the wealth,  
so that it doesn't find poverty.*

*A hope of eternity,  
for the soul,  
a shared heart  
to love  
and to be loved.*

*A full life of happiness,  
a full existence of eternity,  
you thrill,  
only hopes,  
of forgotten times,*

*of remote past,  
of round charts  
of dear kings.*

*it thrills of big,  
souls,  
of a soul,  
it thrills of big loves,  
of a love.*





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*Wealth*  
by  
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*To donate  
to the other ones  
it's wealth,  
to take care  
of the alive beings,  
it's wealth,  
to love  
another person more  
than to oneself,  
it's wealth.*

To love the life,  
thinking  
of the other ones  
human beings,  
it's wealth.

To be the second,  
because the other person  
it's the first one,  
it's wealth.

The existence,  
it's wealth,  
of love gives of peace,  
peace in the soul,  
peace filling the heart  
of love.



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of love.*



# *Intensity of Life*

*by*

*Jordi Mas Manjon*

*It dawns the day  
very slowly the lids  
they open up to the life  
extraordinary light  
of existence  
blinding and brilliant  
as a sweet caress  
has wakened up  
in this new day*

A full flavor  
deep complete  
to life it has begun  
to fill my soul  
and a sweet smile  
encourages the expression  
sweet of the faction  
of my face  
turn to be born

Now the life  
has flavor  
along the day  
different shades  
with different sensations  
will go lapsing  
as ghastly clouds



*moved by the wind  
of the life*

*I feel the Intensity  
of being alive  
each centimeter of the skin  
exclaims in language  
vital existential  
primary equally  
that at the beginning  
a fight with the force  
of the continuity of the life  
with all intensity love.*



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